Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue muſicke? Harke Apollo playes, *Muſicke*
And twentie caged Nightingales do ſing,
Or wilt thou ſleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter then the luſtfull bed
On purpoſe trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we will beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trap'd,
Their harneſſe ſtudded all with Gold and Pearle.
Doſt thou loue hawking? Thou haſt hawkes will ſoare
Aboue the Morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy bounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy gray-hounds are as ſwift
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe.

2 *M.* Doſt thou loue pictures? we will fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing ſedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a Maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſweare ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And til the teares that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore run her louely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord and haue I ſuch a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleepe: I ſee, I heare, I ſpeake:
I ſmel ſweet ſauors, and I feele ſoft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,

And not a Tinker, nor Chriſtopher Slie.
Well, bring our ladie hither to our ſight,
And once againe a pot o'th ſmalleſt Ale.

2. *Man.* Wilt pleaſe your mightineſſe
Oh how we ioy to ſee your wit reſto'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what y
Theſe fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dr
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſle

Beg. Theſe fifteene yeeres, by my fay
But did I neuer ſpeake of all that time.

1 *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie i
For though you lay heere in this goodlie
Yet would you ſay, ye weare beaten out o
And raile vpon the Hoſteſſe of the houſe
And ſay you would preſent her at the Lee
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-iugs, and no
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely

Beg. I, the womans maid of the houſe

3. *Man* Why ſir you konw no houſe,
Nor no ſuch men as you haue reckon'd vp
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of G
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernel*
And twentie more ſuch names and men a
Which neuer were, nor no man euer ſaw

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my go

Enter Ladie with Attendan

Beg. I thanke thee, thou ſhalt not looſ

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is ch
Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy wi

Beg. Are you my wife and will not ca
My men ſhould call mee Lord, I am you

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lor
wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what muſt I call

Lord. Madam.

Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Ione* Madam?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3706)